

Born Anew

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Summary: The mysterious Guardians of the Seasons. Their lives and their past lie just beyond the veil of their forgotten memories . Watch as they grow from a ragtag team of loners to formidable force as they battle against the king of Nightmares. Cover curtsy of RandomDraggon

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*I was introduced to this crossover via tumblr and I absolutely fell in love with it. Combining my favorite characters from four of my favorite movies is just so appealing. And it just fits together so perfectly. There's just so many possibilities and I can't help myself. I expect to write quite a few of these. Just a one-shot .It's kinda rushed but I hope you like it.\*\***

**\*\*Warnings: Really sad but ends kinda happy.\*\***

\_There once was a boy \_

\_An outcast, unwanted by his tribe\_

Who believed that things should change

\_He took the first step and influenced a generation\_

It was Autumn, as the English traders liked to call the brief interlude between winter and devastating winter, and the normally gray overcast sky had darkened to a stormy black.

Stoic the Vast watched the impending storm from the steps of his home, a look of growing discontent on his face.

He hated days like this. Days when Thor would darken the skies and show to the world his anger and displeasure. He hated the rumble of thunder as it shook the very foundation of his home, the strike of

lighting in its blinding intensity.

But mainly he hated this day and what it symbolized, the memories it held.

It was on this sort of day, during a dragon raid, in the blind panic and fright, that he lost his beloved wife.

It was also on this day, to the flames of a monster, that he had lost his son, his boy, his Hiccup.

Stoic blinked furiously as moisture gathered at the corner of his eyes. Even after a year, the pain was still fresh, as fresh and as raw as the meter long wound the boy's damned Dragon had given him when he had stumbled upon them after the defeat of the Green Death.

He never forget the sight of him, curled in the Dragons arms, his leg a writhed husk of blackened skin, his skin paler then freshly fallen snow,

And the terrifying stillness of his slight chest.

Stoic own chest ached at the memory and it took every ounce of his willpower not to release a howl of misery, a howl that he not since uttered since the loss of his son.

Currently the village square was a flurry of movement , ignorant of their chief's pain. Mothers ushered their children to their homes, merchants packed their wares and boarded their stalls, even the Dragons were scurrying for shelter from the wrath of Thor.

Dragons. Stoic would smile if he remembered how. The irony of the most prominent Dragon-hating tribe becoming the nest to the very beast they one hated was delicious. If the other tribes could see them nowâ€|

Not that he cared. It was the least he could do. It was what his son had fought and died for. His son. Hiccup...

He was buried in the place that was most dear to him. Not near the grave of his ancestors , but under an oak tree in the small meadow where he had first bonded with the beas- the Dragon, Toothless. Gobber had told him in no uncertain terms that 'that was probably the only place on the godforsaken island the boy could happily rest in peace.'

He wouldn't lie. It had stung.

He visited his son as often as he could. When he did he would drop his tough Viking façade. Sitting by the old oak tree he would just talk. About how much he missed him. How he wished he had been a better father. How he was sorry for ever being ashamed of him, how he loved him and how he always would.

The Dragon was the only one on the island ( beside Gobber) who could understand his turmoil. True, the village had been hit hard by the loss of their unexpected hero. Two of the newborns in the village had received the name Hiccup, Gobber designs had changed to incorporate the boys ingenuity and the teens , especially the Hoffeston girl, had

made it their personal responsibility to incorporate the Dragons into the village.

However, none of them could comprehend the sheer level of his pain except the Dragon. Some days he would be joined by the Dragon , and they would sit in companionable silence ,the gash on his stomach and the years of fighting, forgotten in the wake of the grave that lay the one they both held dear.

In a way the Drag- Toothless had saved him . As the last memory of his son, Stoic had taken it upon himself to care for Toothless, and Toothless returned the favor.

A sudden powerful gust of wind knocked Stoic out of his thoughts, and the chief stumbled back, startled. He sent a quick glance at the sky and saw the sky had darkened to an impossible pitch black. Unconcerned by the threat he would have stayed out there a little longer, but the low growl of Toothless sounded behind him and the chief decided not to push his luck.

With a sigh, he turned and headed inside to board his windows, headless of the numerous leaves that now littered his porch and crinkled under his feet.

And as the village of Berk buckled down for a fierce storm, a dark-haired boy watched the old chief pet the dragons head from an dappled oak tree, a confused smile on his face.

\_There once was girl \_

\_A captive in her home \_

\_Who dreamed of freedom,of change \_

\_She stumbled and tripped but eventually she made it \_

Spring was just on the horizon and Flynn Rider , otherwise known as Eugene Fitzherbert, could care less.

He downed his fifth rum with gusto, and slammed his dusty mug on the broken table.

"Another!" he slurred drunkenly as he swayed side to side. The barkeeper sent him a dubious look, but never the less set to work on filling another dusty mug.

Flynn hiccupped, and wiped his month on the back of his hand, before dropping his head to the table.

"Should have left well enough alone." He whispered as he stared blurrily out the window. The unfamiliar sight of a foreign land stared back at him.

"Should have never touched that fucking crown."

Had he know the discovery wrought from his steal, or the upheaval that followed, he would have never come anywhere near that damned castle or the damned crown.

Then maybe she'd still be alive. Alive and whole, dancing and

laughing, and lighting up his world.

With a groan, he buried his head in his arms, trying desperately to rid himself of the image.

He had found her crumpled and bleeding, beside a velvet red robe. He had held her, begging her to use her magic to heal herself, as her blood leaked sluggishly from the wound on her chest. But she was too far gone, and as the light faded from her eye so did every happy thought of the future.

If only he had been more firm and denied her. Her dream had not been worth her life. Not at all.

It had not been worth the blood that stained her dress, nor the coldness of her skin against his.

He had made them pay of course. He knew it was them, knew from the design of the knife sticking from Rapunzel's chest. The twins had barely made it more than three miles from the scene before he was upon them, tearing at their skin with the very knife they had used to steal the life of his love.

He had ripped and torn until they were begging for mercy, but he didn't care and he would have killed them if not for the blunt set of teeth that had caught his arm in a vice grip.

How the damn horse had found him, he did not know, but he struggled and raged as Maximus held strong, expertly dodging each punch and knife-swipe until Eugene collapsed against his flank crying and exhausted.

The guards had arrived not a moment later and appended the twins, not one paying attention to Flynn clinging to their commander.

The kingdom had mourned the loss of their princess, but none more so than her parents who would now never get to know her, nor Flynn who wished he never met her.

Wished he never fallen in love with her.

A loud bang and a wave of liquid dousing his head drew Flynn from his reverie. Pouting, he brought a hand to his sopping wet noggin and sent a wounded look up to the glaring barkeep.

"Don't give me that look lad. " The old man growled. " I've been trying to get yer attention for well on 10 minutes" he pointed towards the half empty jug. "There's your ale and it be the last one for the nite. "

Flynn merely mumbled and barkeep gave him a stern glare before returning to his bar. Flynn stuck his tongue out at the old man and reached for his glass only to be stopped by a hoof pinning his wrist. Flynn groaned and looked up into the glaring eyes of Maximus.

"Maximus." Flynn grumbled weakly wiggling his hand, " Leggo."

A snort was the answer received, followed by a loud clunk as Maximus pushed his half-empty mug to the floor.

"Stupid horse." Flynn grumbled too far gone to care about the loss of booze. He settled his head into his arms, fully intending to ignore the horse.

But Maximus would not be ignored. Grabbing the former thief by the collar, he forced him to his feet. Flynn swayed and Maximus knelled just as he lost consciousness and fell , draping himself over Maximus back.

The army horse rolled his eyes and began his long trek back to the castle or more specifically the knight academy.

Three years later saw Eugene Fitzherbert as a highly decorated Captain, standing beside his trusted friend Maximus as they watched the christening of the newly born prince.

Flynn regarded the smiling face of his new prince and made a vow. A vow to protect his prince. Protect him in a way he couldn't protect his sister.

And as a once heart-broken orphan found his place and a kingdom celebrated the birth of a prince, a young maiden sat in a field of flowers , unseen by the giggling village girls , humming a tune to song she had long since forgotten.

\_There once was a girl\_

\_A slave to fate, to destiny\_

\_Who dreamed of living her life the way she choose\_

\_She took a running leap and she never stopped.\_

The scorching heat of Summer had descended upon Dun Broch, yet the warmth of the blazing sun did not touch the residents of the castle.

A castle once bustling with life in joy had now turned into a desolate prison devoid of laughter and burdened by grief.

The grief of losing their fire, their princess.

Alone in the throne room, a women, a mother sat, despondent and heartbroken, clutching the charred remains of a wooden bow.

How long she sat there, she did not know , but any attempt to draw her from her trance was met with a deafening silence , or a blood rim stare. Eventually whoever bothered her, (usually Fergus when he wasn't grieving) would give up and leave her to stare at the bow her daughter had so loved and clutch at it so hard the splinter sliced at her palms, drawing blood from her soot covered hands.

It had been by the God's grace that she had not joined the search . Her husband, her poor loving Fergus had returned pale as death and shaking, a far cry from his usually boisterous self, clutching the bloodied, tattered cloth of the ceremonial dress she had knitted herself.

She did not have to ask to know what had happened to her

daughter.

That night the castle had been kept awake by the tortured cries of mother who had outlived her child.

And now she sat, day in and out, going over every detail she remembered, every laugh, every tear, anything that made it seem as if her little girl was still here, as if the shattered remains of a brunt bow was not all she had left. How if she hadn't pushed, she wouldn't have run off and would still be there.

However it was one day , a few months after the death of her Merida, that Elinor was reminded that just because she had lost one child did not mean she had lost them all.

They had come to her as she sat staring at the bow and grasped her skirts. Started, as she had not seen them coming she broke her trance to stare into three sets of baby blues eyes.

"Mummy." Hamish said dolefully and Elinor gasped as these were his first words.

"Merida gone." Harris whispered as tears blurred his eyes.

"And we miss her", Hubert squeaked, his voice cracking.

"But we still here." They all said in unison, and Elinor broke.

Dropping to her knees she drew the boys into her arms and alternated between sobbing brokenly in Hamish shoulders and kissing all three of their heads. She felt a pair of strong arms engulf her and she knew without looking that Fergus had joined their healing embrace. They all sat there holding each other, feeling the wounds in their hearts slowing, but surely begin to close.

And as a broken family worked to become whole again, a young girl with hair the color of fire danced in the water of the Fire Falls in the light of the dying sunset.

\_There once was a boy\_

\_A trickster, a brother\_

\_Who believed in having fun\_

\_He took step and fell only to rise again\_

It was winter, and she was cold, but that did not stop her. With a determined stride she kept walking, her feet sinking into the freshly fallen snow as she ventured deeper into the forest.

She continued on until she reached a small alcove .

The woods were silent in this part, a part that only two people from their village knew about. Herself and her brother.

Taking a deep breath ,she tilted her face up, up towards the waning sun, flung her arms to her sides,

And danced.

With a whoop, she twirled in the snow, her skirts catching wind, joining her in her dance. She leaped and jumped and sang, not letting her grief keep her down.

Because her brother, her Jack, would not want her to cry, he would not want her sit at home and rot. She knew, for when their father had died he had pushed her out the door, brought her to this very alcove, and together the two had danced until they fell to the ground in exhaustion. Flushed and panting but happier than they had been that morning.

And so even though he had left her, even though she was alone, even though the tears still flowed, and froze to her face in the freezing wind, she continued to dance. Danced as her brother would have wanted her to.

And as a little girl embraced the lure of joy and fun and left behind the darkness of her grief a boy with hair as white as snow let out a whoop of joy as he flew up , up towards the crystal blue skies.

\_There once was a group of teens\_

\_Who all dreamed of something new\_

\_The man in the moon admired their dreams\_

\_And brought them back anew.\_

The assembled guardians stared at the beaming North as he finished regaling his orders from the Man in the moon.

"Well North," Bunnymund said dubiously. " I think we might need a bigger bag."

**\*\*Fin.\*\***

**\*\*And that's that. Sorry for the sad concept but it just came to Flynn secession and Jack's sister was hard to write but I think it came out just in case you can't tell Rapunzel was killed by the twins for the crown , which in turned killed Gothel, hence the discarded robe and Merida was killed by Mor'du. I guess I'm on the whole Guardian of season thing. The next one will be happier. Hope you like it and don't forget to review.\*\***

## 2. Justice Served!

Hey guys! Justice has been served. The story has been taken down and the person's account has been taken down. I meant to tell you guys earlier. Thanks so much for supporting me especially pond-centurion who talked to the thief directly, thanks for that hon. Expect a new chapter soon guys.

End  
file.